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stance of tact on the part of the Colonial Secretary of the day. Sir Thomas Buxton did not remain his full time in South Australia, but it is interesting to note that the Governor and the South Australian community so far arranged their differences that before leaving his Excellency was elected president of the Turf Club.

The duties of governors are regulated by a long series of standing orders, which settle their appointment, pay, functions, and powers in the most minute detail. The manner in which their visits are to be paid and received by various ranks of

military and naval commanders, the precedence they are to enjoy, the uniforms they are to wear, and the powers they are to exercise are all set forth in great opulence of detail.

From the foregoing description of British methods of colonial administration it will be seen that, *mutatis mutandis*, there is no element conducive to success lacking in American institutions, with the one exception of a permanent civil staff guaranteed as to the fixed tenure of their appointments, and educated with a single eye to the public service.

BRITISH AND DUTCH IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

THERE is little satisfaction that an Englishman can extract from the tale of British rule in South Africa. The record is free, or tolerably so, from any grave crimes against others; it is not from a consciousness of guilt towards Kafir or Dutch that we would rather it were put out of sight. Our impatience with it springs from the sense of failure to ourselves which has made of the country south of the Zambesi a vast museum of imperial blunders; from the contemplation of so much short-sightedness in high quarters, of so many mistakes committed by ignorance and tactlessness, to be paid for afterwards in blood and treasure, of individual sacrifice and enterprise frittered lightly away by officialdom, of a splendid mission and still more splendid opportunities unrealized or disregarded, of loyal subjects betrayed and an empire all but lost—in a word, a painful falling short in policy, in diplomacy, in the art of government.

In England we are rather apt to forget that Cape Colony is not a colony at all, but a conquered country.

We came to it as intruders, dispossessing the Dutch of a land which they considered as much theirs as the Scotch do Scotland. It was inevitable that our welcome should not go beyond sullen acquiescence. It was inevitable that there should be antipathy and resentment. Yet the obstacles in the way of final harmony were no greater than had been overcome in the American colonies, and not so

great as those that have been met and surmounted in Canada. The two races were sprung from the same low-German stock, had the same instinctive ways of looking at things, were attached to the same form of religion, and could hardly utter a sentence in either tongue without being reminded of their common origin.

That they did not fuse into one must be set down chiefly to the unwisdom of the British government. No doubt the character of the Dutch settlers, especially in the up-country districts, was a hinderance. For over a hundred and fifty years they had been severed from the civilizing influences of Europe. The dour stubbornness of their ancestors who withstood Philip II. and flooded the richest part of their country to save it from Louis XIV. was still potent within them when the British captured the Cape in 1806. So, too, were their instinct and affection for the morose moralities of the extremest form of Calvinism. Beyond these natural obstacles the physical conditions of South Africa had done much to develop in them a character and mode of life exceptionally hard to win over. They were for the most part stock-raisers, and the thinness of the pasture scattered them over a wide area. They led a solitary and almost nomadic life. Like all frontiersmen, they developed a remarkable spirit of courage and self-dependence. Unlike most pioneers—unlike, for instance, the men who opened up Western America—they also developed a

passion for solitude and isolation, and out of this grew not only their impatience of control, but a neglect of the graces and decencies of life which even their descent from the neatest people in Europe could not restrain.

We are not a sympathetic people any more than the Romans were. Whatever our virtues as a colonizing race, the dramatic instinct that enables a man or a nation to enter into the feelings and prejudices of others is not among them. That is why, with all our successes, we have never, like the French and Spanish, stamped ourselves and our language upon the aliens under our control. Except round Cape Town, we saw little of the Dutch, and what we did see we did not like, and not liking, in our headlong English fashion we despised. Over four-fifths of the country, social intercourse was rare, and little or no progress made towards a harmonious fusion.

Still, there was nothing in all this to render inevitable the secession that followed. With time and a conciliatory policy the two peoples would have come together. But the British government was in a hurry to remodel, and knowing next to nothing of the views of its new subjects, knew not how to conciliate them. It altered the old system of local administration, which was no doubt haphazard and clumsy enough, but had at least the virtue of satisfying. It substituted English for Dutch as the language to be used in official documents and legal proceedings—this in a country where not one man in seven spoke English. But its greatest mistakes were in its handling of those native and color questions which form the largest and most permanent part of South-African politics.

The British governments of the time were possessed by a spirit of philanthropy, whose crowning achievement is remembered while its crudeness and over-precipitancy have been forgotten. Of judicious philanthropy we are never likely to have too much; of the philanthropy of the British Colonial Office it is hardly possible to have too little. The home authorities, filled with sympathetic emotionalism for the negroes, put themselves and their policies in the hands of the missionaries, and the missionaries could hardly paint the Boer black enough. Yet there is the evidence of English governors to show that in no other part of the world

was bondage so mild. The system was never defended in theory. It was accepted as one of the conditions of South-African life that could not be disturbed without a wide social upheaval. The Dutch colonists were willing that it should die off gradually. They offered to set free all female children at birth if the British government would cease its irritating legislation. The offer was refused. The orders in council, prompted by missionary fanaticism, increased in minuteness and stringency, till it was felt as an actual relief when the long strain was broken by the famous Act of Emancipation. There were then in the colony about 39,000 slaves, whose value was put down at rather over £3,000,000 sterling. Parliament voted £20,000,000 by way of compensation to the slave-owners throughout the empire. Of this a little less than £1,250,000 was allotted to the Cape. Calling loudly on the Dutch to admire our virtue, we paid up conscience-money to the extent of nine shillings in the pound. Nor was this all. The claims of the slave-owners had to be proved before commissioners in London. The Cape instantly swarmed with agents, who bought up the claims at about half their real value, so that the colonists had finally to content themselves with one-fifth or one-sixth of the sum due to them. Our sin in the matter of the South-African slave trade had been enormous; our repentance was vicarious.

English writers have rather encouraged the idea that the Boers seceded because we forbade them to hold slaves. It was not so. The slaves were held almost entirely in the western districts; the secessionists came, with few exceptions, from the eastern borders. It was our whole native policy, of which emancipation at nine shillings in the pound was but a part, that drove the Dutch settlers to shake off British rule. Under the propulsion of an unbalanced and egotistical philanthropy—such as thirty years later gave the suffrage to the negroes of the Southern States—we refused to put a vagrant act in force. We placed black and white on a level, and we gave to the former the right to wander where he pleased, be as idle as he pleased, and drink as he pleased; and with mighty good-will has he rushed down the path to perdition we prepared for him. We even gave him, still at the prompting of the Aborigines Protection

Society, liberty to plunder and murder with impunity. In 1834 a host of savages burst upon the colony, raiding the cattle and killing the farmers. After some stubborn fighting they were reduced to sue for peace, and compelled by the Governor to withdraw beyond the Keiskamma River. Only so could the eastern borders be even half preserved in safety. But the Governor's command was overruled by Earl Glenelg, in a despatch of monumental philanthropy. He asserted that the Kosas had "ample justification" for their attack, and "a perfect right to endeavor to extort by force that redress which they could not expect otherwise to obtain." He allowed them to re-occupy the territory from which they had been driven, and appointed a special Governor for the eastern provinces to see that his orders were carried out.

The Boers did not wait to see how much further Exeter Hall would go. Between 1836 and 1838 not less than ten thousand of them packed their household goods into their ox-wagons, and driving their goats and herds slowly before them, streamed away into the interior through the heart of the desolate Karroo. The tale of their wanderings and privations and conflicts is the one great romance of South Africa. The burghers of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State can trace the foundation of their states from as inspiring a record of daring and determination as any in history.

The first body of trekkers perished miserably from disease and native attacks. A second penetrated into what is now the territory of the Transvaal Republic, came in conflict with the Matabele, hurled them splendidly across the Limpopo, and settled down on the rolling uplands north of the Orange River. Here they were joined by successive bodies of emigrants, and out of these small and scattered communities were gradually evolved the two Dutch republics of our own time. Meanwhile a larger and better-organized party had pushed their way into the warm and fertile country now known as Natal. There, after terrible struggles with the Zulus, they set up the Republic of Natalia. Mark what followed. It is characteristic of the way our empire has grown up. A few Englishmen had been settled since 1824 at Durban, then called Port Natal. They had petitioned the British government, but in vain, to be

recognized as a colony. In those days, and for many years after, it was generally believed that the colonial possessions of Great Britain were already too extensive. The advent of the Boers forced a change of view. The establishment of a new white state on the coast, with its possibilities of growth into a maritime power, and the certainty that it would greatly affect the trade of the interior, was a serious matter. The Boers, too, were picking quarrel after quarrel with the Kafirs who lived on the borders of Cape Colony, and it was our cherished mission to protect the natives. Business and philanthropy combined to make Port Natal a desirable addition to our holdings. We sent a small force there in 1842. It was besieged by the Boers, and only relieved with difficulty and at the last moment. Eventually the Boers submitted, and the Dutch Republic of Natalia came to an end. Ultimately, no doubt, it must have fallen to pieces from its own weakness. But the point most worth dwelling on is that we refused Port Natal when it was offered to us, and a few years later were obliged to occupy it by the necessities of our imperial position. A little foresight would have saved us all the expense of the war and all the ill feeling it engendered among the Boer settlers, a majority of whom recrossed the mountains forthwith and joined their fellow-emigrants on the western plateaus.

Perhaps, after all, it is possible to be too hard on Downing Street. Men still under middle age can remember when South Africa was as much an unknown mystery as Tibet, and in the thirties and forties no one but a few missionaries and an occasional hunter had set foot beyond the Orange River. The people knew nothing about it, and cared less, except vaguely as a field for philanthropic activities. To the official mind it was the least promising of all our possessions, with no trade worth mentioning, and no prospects of ever having any, with large annual deficits, and a seemingly endless succession of native wars that offended our pockets as well as our humanitarianism. There were no Cape to Cairo dreams in those days. On the contrary, if we could have left Dutch and Kafir to settle things amongst themselves, and retained only Cape Town as a naval station, Downing Street would have been but too pleased. It looked simply to the bank-book bearings

of the matter. Fresh territory meant fresh expense, and therefore expansion was forbidden. Wars were costly, and therefore the governors in whose terms they occurred were recalled one after the other. The natives were always in the right and the Boers always in the wrong, and the missionaries the only responsible guides to colonial opinion. That was the official *credo* of which successive Colonial Secretaries were the apostles. Our South-African empire grew and prospered, like all other portions of our empire, not only without the assistance of Downing Street, but in spite of the best efforts of Downing Street to throttle it.

We were in a fine quandary of hesitation over the emigrant Boers who had settled on the table-lands between the Orange River and the Limpopo. We would not follow them into the interior with our flag and government officials, but we still claimed them as British subjects. We did not wish to expand, but we could not admit that British citizenship could be laid aside at will. For their part, the Boers contended that our authority was purely territorial, and that once beyond the borders of Cape Colony, our right to control them ceased. By 1845 the Boer secessionists numbered about 15,000. They took up once more their wandering pastoral life with its isolation and uncouthness, and its ideal of liberty for each man to do that which was right in his own eyes. They had abandoned their homes in Cape Colony not only as a protest against specified acts and policies of the British government, but from a temperamental objection to government itself. Left to themselves, they pushed liberty to the extreme of individualism. They set up no authorities, paid no taxes, did without any symbol of civil organization. They were kept loosely together as one people only by the necessities of native warfare and a common spirit of resistance to the claim of British sovereignty. North of the Vaal, as time went on, several small republican communities grew up, founded on family ties, and waged a fierce internecine struggle for hegemony. These rivalries were too remote from British territory to disturb officialdom at the Cape. But it was otherwise with the settlers on the borders of Cape Colony between the Orange River and the Vaal. The Boers have the simple Old Testament fashion of dealing with inferior races that

stand in their way, and the methods of Israel towards the Canaanites, when pursued by the Boers against Basutos and Griquas, on the frontier of a British colony in which a turbulent Kafir population outnumbered the whites by over four to one, could not be anything but a severe embarrassment and menace to the British authorities.

Missionary statecraft suggested a means of settlement, and at that time a suggestion from Exeter Hall was almost the equivalent of a government decree. The ideal of the South-African missionaries was the erection of Kafir states with Kafir chiefs under the guidance and inspiration of missionaries. Now was the time to press home the adequacy of their policy. Downing Street proved an easy convert, and in a little while Cape Colony was mathematically girdled with a belt of native principalities. We selected a chief in a given area, and treated him as a sovereign ruler, made treaties with him, and let him know that he had the support of Great Britain behind him. In this way we built up the nation of the Basutos under the remarkable Moshesh, and handed over to the Griquas a large slice of land north of the Orange River, which was not ours to give. One need hardly specify the obvious results. The Dutch settlers would not pay quit-rent, or in any way recognize the petty Griqua captain we had set over them. There were wars in which we used our force to compel white men to acknowledge the authority of a Hottentot half-breed. Among the Basutos were chieftains who would not bow down to Moshesh. These, too, we aided Moshesh in crushing. On the eastern frontiers the Kosas, like true Kafirs, saw nothing but weakness in our treaties, and in a long series of bloody and disastrous wars exacted from us the full penalty of our kindly motives. In Natal we allowed the Zulus to organize and establish that military power whose overthrow caused us so much trouble and humiliation, and we permitted them and all other natives such liberty of life and entrance that, though in Natal there are twelve black men for every single white, the labor of the colony has to be performed by imported Indian coolies.

The system broke down in every way, and not least in this, that while it was intended to mark the boundaries of Cape Colony and British dominion immuta-

bly, the bickerings and conflicts it gave rise to turned out to be the first step towards our hold on the interior. In 1846 we placed a British Resident at Bloemfontein to keep order and do justice between the Griquas and the Dutch farmers. Two years later we annexed the whole territory between the Orange and Vaal rivers and the Kathlamba Mountains. The Boers rose against us, but were defeated at Boomplats. The more irreconcilable among them trekked across the Vaal to join their northern kinsmen, and their place was taken by English colonists. The country soon settled down. The Griqua captain was pacified with a pension of £200 a year, and put finally in his proper position of vassalage. The work of inducing British and Boer to live in amity under a settled government was well under way when war broke out with the Basutos. The Basutos had been in a special degree the objects of our philanthropic guardianship. We had made treaties with Moshesh, and supplied him with arms, and enforced his authority over turbulent and refractory chieftains, and found excuses for him when he raided the Dutch settlers along the Caledon River. The matter wore a different complexion when his favorite looting-grounds became our territory by annexation. The Basutos proved very skilful and dangerous antagonists. The British Resident at Bloemfontein had only a small force to bring against them. The Dutch settlers would not, and Cape Colony, harassed by a Kafir outbreak on the eastern frontier, could not, help him. The Boers beyond the Vaal threatened to side with the Basutos, but hinted that they could be dissuaded by a grant of independence. The offer was eagerly accepted. In 1852 was concluded the Sand River Convention, by which the British government "guaranteed to the emigrant farmers beyond the Vaal the right to manage their own affairs, and to govern themselves according to their own laws, without any interference on the part of the British government." Thus, by a shrewd and characteristic stroke of diplomacy, was born the Transvaal Republic.

Meanwhile the struggle with the Basutos went on. Intrenched in their rocky stronghold, they more than held their own. A large British force not only failed to dislodge them, but met with a

severe reverse. Moshesh was an astute diplomat as well as a resolute and imperious soldier. He asked for peace—"You have chastised," he wrote to General Cathcart; "let it be enough, I pray you"—and peace was given him. The Basuto war had potent and memorable consequences. Indirectly it led, as we have seen, to the grant of independence to the Boers beyond the Vaal, and directly it was the cause of our withdrawal from the Orange Free State. Cathcart's repulse, coming hard on the news of the eighth Kafir war, broke down the patience of the Aberdeen ministry. For eight years we had owned and ruled in the territory between the Orange and Vaal rivers, and all we had got from it was a succession of native wars. The Queen was advised to renounce her sovereignty, and in spite of the protests of over half the colonists, who clamored to be allowed to remain British subjects, our flag was withdrawn.

Not only did we betray loyal subjects, go back on our pledged word, and show ourselves, as we always have been in matters imperial, and at bottom still are, a nation without a policy, but the circumstances of the colony made its abandonment peculiarly callous and disgraceful. For it was a young and scattered settlement, possessing hardly anything in the nature of government machinery, and incapable of self-defence; and on its southeastern border we had, in spite of warnings and protests, fostered the powerful Basuto nation, now armed to the teeth and exultant over its successful resistance to British arms. Withdrawing when we did, we left to the burghers of the Orange Free State a certain legacy of conflicts with what was then the most formidable native state in South Africa—conflicts which only ended sixteen years later, when Moshesh placed himself under our protection to prevent being captured by his resolute and infuriated enemies. Moreover, by handing over the country to the Dutch we blocked the sole highway to the interior, to recover it twenty years later by a stratagem which Mr. Froude, in his unrestrained way, has called "one of the most scandalous acts recorded in our history."

The emigrants beyond the Vaal, it will be remembered, were recognized as an independent people in 1852; but it was not

until 1864, or nearly thirty years from the time they first settled in the country, and then only after endless commotions and family feuds, rising at times to the dignity of civil war, that their dissociative instincts would permit of their combining under a single President. Even so their anarchical temperament held out against the seductions of written constitutions and the machinery of administration. Taxes they would not pay. The country lapsed into a really pitiable condition. Torn by the most paralyzing differences that can divide a people—the differences of family and local rivalries and religious factions—the burghers could not even maintain their territorial integrity against the native hordes that assailed it. By 1876 it seemed as though the republic must perish. The exchequer was empty, the paper money issued by President Burgers had fallen to one-twentieth of its face value, while on the northeast a Kafir chief, Sikukini, was raiding and looting at will, and on the south Cetewayo was marshalling his Zulu hosts. The Boers had returned in confusion and sullen discontent to their farms. Sikukini was pressing his advantage. A general election was approaching to bring all the turmoil to a head. The state was unable to protect the British settlers who had gathered round the Lydenburg gold-mines. Its helplessness and the imminence of collapse before its savage invaders were an unquestionable menace to the security of Natal and all the British dominions in South Africa.

Such were the conditions under which the Transvaal Republic was annexed to the British crown on April 12, 1877. The burghers took the loss of their independence quietly. They did not welcome the imposition of British rule, but they realized that nothing else could save them from being overrun by the Zulus and Kafirs. In Great Britain the forward step made little stir. The Russo-Turkish war held the field of public interest, and to the man in the street it meant nothing that a few hundred miles of territory had been added to the British South-African possessions. Mr. Kruger and another member of the Executive Council were sent to London to remonstrate with the government. They were told, of course, that the annexation was final, and Mr. Kruger's acceptance of office under the British government showed that one at

least of them thought it so, and accepted the change of sovereignty with practical good sense. The annexation, it is worth repeating once more, was not in any sense an act of rapacity. Nobody dreamed of the wealth that lay hidden under the bleak and windy ridges of the Witwatersrand. The Transvaal was anything but a prize to be coveted. It was a bankrupt, disorganized, and defeated state trembling on dissolution. We stepped in, as much in its own interest as in ours, to prevent the disruption that imperilled the peace of South Africa. There is little doubt that had we but stayed our hand for six months, had we allowed Sikukini and Cetewayo full license to do as they pleased, the Boers themselves must have come to us begging refuge from annihilation.

Then came our blunders. In duty bound we broke Sikukini's power, and, after a hard tussle, subdued Cetewayo. It was proper and inevitable that these chieftains should be overthrown, but in overthrowing them we removed the two greatest dangers that the Boers had feared. With peace along the frontiers, property rising in value, and money coming into the exchequer, the burghers began to repent of their compliance. We soon gave them cause enough. The state had been annexed under pledges of autonomy—pledges withheld so long that the Boers began to fear it was intended to deny them popular representation. We made a greater mistake in removing Sir Theophilus Shepstone, who was liked and trusted by the Boers, and appointing in his place a military officer "totally unfit for delicate political work." The Boers respond readily enough to kindness and sentiment; if you try to drive them, on the evidence of one of their warmest admirers, there is no mule in either hemisphere more stubborn. Our military administrator tried to drive them, and the Boers, finding such men as Kruger and Joubert treated with small courtesy, seeing the tax-collector scouring the country in an adamant and inexorable way they were little used to, feeling themselves under a rigid system that overrode their customs and instincts and treated their homely ways with impatient contempt, grew exceedingly stubborn.

It was at this most critical period that Mr. Gladstone, seeking material for his Midlothian speeches, turned fiercely upon Lord Beaconsfield in denunciation of the

policy that had led up to the absorption of the republic. It is beyond question that the magic of his name and eloquence gave enormous encouragement to the would-be revolutionists. Yet even Mr. Gladstone, when he became Prime Minister, a few months later, did not venture to reverse the annexation he had so passionately denounced in opposition, saying by the mouth of the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, "*Fieri non debuit, factum valet.*"* The Boers who, like a good many simple and inexperienced people, did not fully understand the insincerities of our party system, were bitterly disappointed. They actually thought that the policy a statesman had advocated in opposition would be the policy he would carry out in office. The decision of the British government broke harshly upon their innocent dream. With a courage one cannot but do homage to they took up arms to win back their independence. The result surprised most people, but no one probably more than the Boers. After two dashing and well-earned victories over small British detachments they drove the Liberal ministry into that famous surrender to which all the unrest and commotion in South Africa during the past nineteen years, including the war that began last October, are solely and directly traceable. In Mr. Gladstone's eyes a moral justification for rebellion—even rebellion against the British crown—was full reason for not suppressing it. He handed back their country to the victorious rebels. He forgot his own official pronouncement; he forgot the pledged word of England; he forgot the British subjects who on the strength of that promise had taken up their residence in the Transvaal. Under circumstances of thrice blacker disgrace, it was the story of the Orange Free State over again. Nothing like it would be possible outside England. Nothing like it will be possible in England again. We are not nearly so Arcadian as we were.

Even in this record of our blunders there is much that is incomplete. For the details of our native policy and the tragedies of innumerable governors, from D'Urban to Bartle Frere, I have no space. It is only within the last year or two that we have learned the necessity of "trusting the man on the spot," and I doubt

whether we have yet learned that a halting, inconsequential policy towards inferior races is the worst form of kindness to them, and likely to be disastrous to us. Historically, the record shows how completely a matter of our own time is the British sense of imperialism. We have only just begun to realize what the empire means, and what high and inspiring duties it lays upon us. And among these duties, though not among the highest and most inspiring, the tale of our South-African rule marks out the duty of holding land as one we should be continually awake to. It is for having neglected it in the past that we are now, as I write, paying an unexampled and unnecessary tribute in life and treasure to the god of battles. The narrative, too, carries with it other and hardly less palatable lessons. It is profoundly illustrative of that defective altruism, the badge of all our race, a hundred times more dangerous and disastrous in its purblind strivings after what is right and humane than any deliberate wickedness. Follow in all its branches the history of our doings in South Africa from 1806 to the present day, and you have a fair synopsis of our national character, especially of that side of it which Matthew Arnold lashed so often and so cuttingly—its earnest but unintelligent morality. Nor, as one goes over it, can one escape fresh and pressing doubts as to the final capacity of a democracy for an even and far-seeing foreign policy. South Africa shows what must inevitably happen when foreign policy is made the sport of party politics, and one government reverses what another government has declared irreversible, and no minister dare formulate or propose anything without an eye to "the mandates of the people." Contrast the way we stumbled upon the Cape, and sought to confine ourselves to the narrowest limits, and expanded against our will, and took land and gave it back, only to reconquer it later on at enormous sacrifice—contrast this with the steadfast march of the Russian Empire, hardly less beneficent to civilization than our own, and incomparably more imposing in its freedom from shiftless hurry and waste. Much as he would like some other emotion to predominate, an Englishman who looks into its past can feel only surprise at finding so much of the map of South Africa colored red.

* See Mr. Bryce's *Impressions of South Africa*, p. 163.